I took the number seven bus in search of the hippies:

"End of the line sweetheart, you hafta get off, I don't go no Further."

At night I would listen to the radio, fantasy, magical encounters with people who would lead me to something I didn't have a name for yet.

During the day I was still a kid.

I listened to the radio for locations and changed buses downtown looking out the window for "the happening."

The place where the hippies all grooved in the sun. I knew it was out there I just needed to find the right bus.

"You ride the #27?"

"Everyday"

"You ever see Wild looking people acting Magical, with Sticking-Out hair, maybe wearing boots, and possibly capes made from flags?"

"You mean the half-way house?"

Lady told me get off at a certain stop. Asked if it was the House of the Rising Sun. She said if it was also a place for people out of their heads then it might be it. It sounded right.

"Those people are living in another world."

"Yeah. They're getting groovy"

"Whatever they're getting just don't give me any."

When I first found the halfway house I thought I'd found them. There were people on the front steps. One had a guitar. Another a hat made of tin-foil. One gave me a peace sign and beckoned me over. The Sun was going down. I was a long way from home.

"Hey little momma give me a cigarette and I'll write a song for ya."

Start yer own family, make it magical. Learn first w/ others, but know it is not your own.

I thought working for the hippies would be incredible and riding in the hippie bus also incredible but the hippies kept fighting.

"We could have opened up a water bed shop in Santa Monica!"

"Fuck Santa Monica!"

"Fuck You!"

I believed them when they made excuses. I knew they lied to other people but I didn't think they would lie to me. I still believed in hippies.

-Lynda Barry, Funk Queen Goddess and Author of "Paint Yer' Demons" from which this Text is roughly excerpted.